

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

Such as it is, and for my owne poore part  
I will goe pray.

*Hora.* These are but wild and whurling words my Lord.

*Ham.* I am sorry they offend you heartily,  
Yes faith heartily.

*Hora.* There's no offence my Lord.

*Ham.* Yes by Saint *Patrickke* but there is *Horatio*,  
And much offence too: touching this vision here,  
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you;  
For your desire to know what is betweene us  
Ore-master't as you may: and now good friends,  
As you are friends, Scholars, and Souldiers  
Give me one poore request.

*Hora.* What is't my Lord, we will.

*Ham.* Never make knowne what you have seene to night.

*Both.* My Lord we will not.

*Ham.* Nay but swear't.

*Hora.* In faith my Lord not I.

*Mar.* Nor I my Lord in faith.

*Ham.* Upon my sword.

*Mar.* We have sworne my Lord already:

*Ham.* Indeed upon my sword, indeed.

*Ghost cries under the stage.*

*Ghost.* Swear.

*Ham.* Ha, ha, boy, saist thou so? art thou there true-penny?  
Come on, you heare this fellow in the Sellaridge  
Consent to swear.

*Hora.* Propose the oath my Lord.

*Ham.* Never to speake of this that you have seene,  
Swear by my sword.

*Ghost.* Swear.

*Ham.* *Hic & ubique*, then wee'll shift our ground:  
Come hither Gentlemen

And lay your hands againe upon my sword:  
Swear by my sword.

Never to speake of this that you have heard.

*Ghost.* Swear by his sword.

*Ham.* Well said old Mole, canst thou worke i'th earth so fast?

A wor

## Prince of De

A worthy Pioner, once mo

*Hora.* O day and night

*Ham.* And therefore as

There are more things in h

Than are dream't of in you

Here as before; never so hel

(How strange or odde so er

As I perchance hereafter s

To put an antike dispositio

That you at such times seei

With armes encombred th

Or by pronouncing of some

As, well well, we know, or

Or if we list to speake, or th

Or such ambiguous giving

That you know ought of m

So grace and mercy at your

*Ghost.* Swear.

*Ham.* Rest, rest, perturbe

With all my love I doe co

And what so poore a man a

May doe t'expresse his lov

God willing shall not lack

And still your fingers on y

The time is out of joint, C

That ever I was borne to se

Nay come, lets goe togeth

*Enter old Pol*

*Pol.* Give him this mon

*Rey.* I will my Lord.

*Pol.* You shall doe marv

Before you visit him to ma

Of his behaviour.

*Rey.* My Lord I did inte

*Pol.* Marrie well said, ver

Enquire me first what *Da*

And how, and who, what m

What company, at what ex